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SU'AD AL-SABAH - IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE FEMALE

Dr. Su'ad Al-Sabah is a representative of the Arab female elite. She is an outstanding poet and by education a specialist in the field of economics. By nationality a citizen of Kuwait, she graduated from the University of Cairo and continued her studies in Great Britain. She is an active member of many organizations including: Human Rights, the Arabic Thinkers Club, the Organization of Unity, Islamic Women. She represents, in a distinct way love poetry, which however, considering its character, form of utterance and formal shape transcends both traditional Arabic forms as equally their female European counterparts. Although the subject area and range are embraced within the question of love, Su'ad Al-Sabah's poetry is extended distinctly by the expanse of events felt here.

The poetry of space exceeds the strict cultural expressions of a particular place, person and his experiences. The state of being open, with a poetic center and not the senses, in trust to that experienced. The acceptance of various associations, replies and also the autonomous contents which arrive from various sides unhesitatingly. The gathering of it all into one information field of the event. Impressions, observations and reports, although concentrated round a love object, are not judged. Their order of account is identical to the glow of lyrical expression. Certainty of experience is almost the dictate of the report.

In the poem "**Love in the open air**"¹ the poet presents the wonderful spiritual state of a woman in love and a poet, who through love, becomes an unconstrained human being - free. There is no room here to decide whether such a state is in fact objective, we know and we accept the transitory nature of life itself, therefore we accept at the same time love even though its per-

¹ Su'ad Al-Sabah, *In the Beginning was the Female*, Beirut 1994, p.72,

manence was not to last. A state of unconstrained existence once experienced - in the sense of freedom, stays in our treasury, in our feeling of earthly life. As in a tale, in one moment the poet paces the world *"my weight equals a feather/ I walk above the clouds and rob the sunshine/ Hunt the moon."*² Only in a state of love does she experience the world as her fatherland and paces its sea, rivers and oceans without a passport, free, uninhibited by any earthly circumstance. The ending as the concealed culminating point joins in love the fate of the woman and the poet who, through her sentiment, feels as equally free as words or thoughts. And after all words and thoughts are free only in an elevated, systematic poetical expression. It results from the third stanza that besides freedom - the poetical expression breaks the fetters of earthly barriers. Where, with the beloved one, disappear fear and weakness. Then she feels the strongest among women - former problems cease to exist. She does not lose her identity in Paris, London or in Milan. And again one may ask - is this real courage, real orientation and positive independence? There is no way we can answer that - a poem is a place which is a fortress of each of the assertions and psychological processes. However in this world we can see the other side of love - its threat, that when it goes it takes equally those fundamentally human feelings of existence. In the fourth stanza the poet admits that through love she is omnipresent, in every cafe of the world, sharing love with a street worker, traveler, roses, ants, bees, alley cats. Love displays itself here as the bearer of the world's universal embrace, viewing him as the stimulator of greatness and at the same time commonness. Almost in the role of a philosophical-academic mediator *who openly teaches us to observe, look, perceive, the coexistence of love, that is coexistence in the face of everything.* But everywhere in life and in art the highest logic is in force. We walk along the ridge - did we find ourselves there because of something or also because of some unknown reason. We will not cut the branches of great things: of transcendental sensations experienced.

In the poem **"Plant me among the Words"**³ the poet expresses fear about the life of love, about the dream becoming preverted, that poetry finishes, and wishes are imprisoned in the embryo. There will not even be clouds, rain. In the subtext we are able to perceive the whole intimate world of two people who are so weak and given over as prey to uncertainty. The poem is permeated by the request *"I hope you plant me, then/ Among the words"*⁴,

² *ibid.*, p.72,

³ *ibid.*, p.80,

⁴ *ibid.*, p.82,

where it will last for sure. A beautiful moving image bringing hidden representations of a paradise composed from words - a garden of poetry.

In the poem **"The Last Haven"**⁵ the poet uses the formal construction of a dialogical reference basing itself on the image of port-fatherland. The poet promises she will be a lover, fatherland, ship, his cloud. She appeals for him to be her capital, final port, rain.

In **"Diary of a Cat"**⁶ we have a thrillingly deep declaration which falls into memory. The poem is a confidence and visual presentation of benediction which bears love in the involvement of all daily activity, in awakening, in the tender utterance of a name, in the drinking of coffee together, of garden scented nights experienced, in experienced happiness of relations and invitation in supersensual things. The poem finishes with the confession *"In every language of the world: I love you."*⁷ This poem can resolutely represent one of the greatest achievements in love lyrics.

The poem **"The Outstanding"**⁸ is maintained on the fringe of mysticism in the love formulation. The poet feels love as an experienced mystic, the existence of God still before her birth, intensifying the sensation in the period of life and its hierarchy in the life of a woman - as the most important and the most meaningful event. Bringing herself to be able to admit *"The greatest deed I have achieved/ As a woman,/ Is that I love you."*⁹ This deconstruction is well known to mystics. Here it is equally perceptible as a masochistic shadow but a real sense of what happens. The loser and the victor mix together in the benediction of inseparable fulfillment.

The poem **"The Highest Tree in the World"**¹⁰ continues the rapture and tender representations of love which fulfills and exceeds all childhood notions of the reality in adult delight with its power, real life and imagination.

"Free Port"¹¹ is a moving portrayal of the ability and consent of a woman's love to open and be completely linked and dependent on somebody's presence. The poem is an evocation of intimacy. *"Your vessels only/ Can sail in my blood,/ Without permission."*¹²

⁵ *ibid.*, p.128,

⁶ *ibid.*, p.62,

⁷ *ibid.*, p.62,

⁸ *ibid.*, p.86,

⁹ *ibid.*, p.86,

¹⁰ *ibid.*, p.98,

¹¹ *ibid.*, p.116,

¹² *ibid.*, p.116,

In the poem **"The Longest River in the World"**¹³ we have a small picture of poetical happiness - being a woman, a giver of emotion: *"My hair becomes/ The longest river in the world."*¹⁴

"Curiosity"¹⁵ is a poetical miniature - comparing the worlds of the east and west, of the individualistic isolation of the cafe of the west and the open interest in the cafe of the east.

The next poem **"Prayer"**¹⁶ is equally a miniature, a moving request to God for liberation from love. God fulfills this but then she becomes a stone. This poem reminds us that the fulfilling of dreams comes sometimes in a form and circumstances shocking for us, therefore wishes also can be terrible because the power of love is at times only diminished through the death of feeling.

"At Mozart's House"¹⁷ is a secret image from Salzburg - revealing the secret link of Mozart's music and his house with Arabic culture. In the presence of Arab tourists - someone present there - the guide, and maybe the ghost of Mozart himself sat down at the piano and played *"il Nozze di Figaro."*

"Questions"¹⁸ - is also a miniature - a woman's image of feelings, the abandonment of the whole sphere of personal feelings towards the loved individual who is the giver of sense, cohesion, knowledge, emotion and designation. Only a lover knows what colour the sky is - sky is blue, red or lilac. Without him the world does not have the right to exist and cannot be recognized.

"Travelling on Eyelashes"¹⁹ is held in a different climate - of helplessness, waiting for help from the loved one, however, in an atmosphere of uncertainty, of threat. Almost tragic sound the words: *"Could you show me a road?/ That does not lead me to your arms./ That does not lead me to your abyss."*²⁰

"Dotting the i's"²¹ - the poem is a manifestation of openness, of a confession of love and at the same time the author's credo. The writer makes known what she feels and directs it towards everything that lives, even the

¹³ *ibid.*, p.124,

¹⁴ *ibid.*, p.124,

¹⁵ *ibid.*, p.146,

¹⁶ *ibid.*, p.148,

¹⁷ *ibid.*, p.172,

¹⁸ *ibid.*, p.174,

¹⁹ *ibid.*, p.220,

²⁰ *ibid.*, p.220,

²¹ *ibid.*, p.228,

planets. Hidden love does not exist for her and an interest in the world she feels only through love.

The love poetry of Su'ad Al-Sabah is a rare example in world literature on the one hand of formal mastery in the face of the task of presenting feeling. On the other hand it is a polemic attack to struggle with the whole arsenal of social, living and individual problems. It is equally a form of challenge. In this struggle there are not losers. Not a single dot is placed above the "i". With love there are no jokes. It may arm itself with the skill of comprehension so as not to deprive us of the whole perspective of viewing the optimum duration or non-duration, its whim, so that it can lead us or if not together great enough - leave to the humility of earthly quality.

Characterizing Su'ad Al-Sabah's literary output, the author to the preface and translation of the collection **"In the Beginning was the Female"** Dr. 'Abdul-Wahid Lu'lu'ah emphasizes her free construction. Linking to the poetic revolution achieved by Nazik Al-Mala'ika, Su'ad Al-Sabah loosens the structure of the verse and resigns from the close relationship of rhyme and rhythm. Excepting that - among the usual repertoire of elevated words - she uses a whole range of colloquial words from such everydayness as it is with the mechanical and rhythmical informational daily routine, with haste and brutal rivalry. As the translator states - the poet succeeded in giving them equally poetical status in accordance with the conviction of Professor J.A. Richards *"There is no such thing as a poetic or unpoetic word. A word is poetic when it occurs in a poetic context."*²²

Taking the path of love sciences and the enveloped acquaintance round the great feeling of the author in the tone discussed, we are faced first with the theme of friendship. No less than five of the initial poems make up the series **"Be my Friend"**²³ All begin with the invocation-incantation *"Be my Friend."* From the contents and rhythmical structure of the arrangement results, a whole range of questions connected with love which reach right to its essence - here with insinuation. Is that, which is so dominating and lasts, something really good - when it presents a view of painted eyes, kisses, costumes - in a word an external form over relations with word, thought, dialogue, polemics. These questions remain unanswered - they sketch only the longed-for and actual perspective of love in which the lovers are still on friendly terms, sincerely talking: *"A tent of warmth, made up of words."*²⁴

²² *ibid.*, p.11,

²³ *ibid.*, p.12-22,

²⁴ *ibid.*, p.12,

Walking along the green grass and reading poems together. In these poems is exposed the model of eastern man who "...cannot accept a role of a hero."²⁵ On the other hand, however, what would happen to a word which would sink into a trance of love - the illusion of a safe harbour, the sensual comprehension of human fate.

In the second series entitled "**Female 2000**"²⁶ in minute masterful miniatures the author draws her self portrait as composed from many features and observations - recalling other women in various parts of the world through also containing personal traits. Setting forth the scenes from her ordinary, pleasant daily routine, with the women of the whole world she is linked by the gesture of taking out her make-up mirror as equally sipping coffee in bed and gossiping. The poems are written in a large perspective of happiness and openness. The author alludes to her possibilities of behaviour as equally spontaneous, free, as dependent, manifesting in this way her freedom. And although not everything that concerns her depends on her she knows this, because her consciousness distinguishes these things keeping everything in view, transpoetical. In this way she creates a poetical context in which everything is poetry, and therefore good. Because what would be worth the world if anything had to be in it omitted from actual events and also from the imagination. So therefore the identification of the author with worldly things is in the theme unlimited because "...dance like mermaids"²⁷, twinkled with rubies and turquoises: "*Could strut, like queens, around*"²⁸. She is an idle, thoughtless and worldly lady, at last experiencing the drama as a person or as an encircled prisoner of one's own situation. One can choose or not. It is difficult to guess, though the contacts of poetry and love and their mutual call are known everywhere in the world. An absence of love kills poetry.

The poem "**Oh, you more than my love**"²⁹ is a poem manifesting adoration fringing upon eastern mysticism in which extracted is the motive of the perception of the loved one as lord and master of love liberating from all adversity. Love, on the other hand, is presented as unglorified, a singular and transcendental favour: "*O, king of kings/ O, you are more, more than my*

²⁵ *ibid.*, p.16,

²⁶ *ibid.*, p.24-40,

²⁷ *ibid.*, p.26,

²⁸ *ibid.*, p.28,

²⁹ *ibid.*, p.42,

love".³⁰ The series entitled "**To someone who cannot be named**"³¹ is initiated in a love which does not have words in order to express and everything that it touches is an insufficient expression of its uncontrollable exuberance and the crossing of every possible border of the phenomenon. The second poem of the series contains hidden information about the subtext that such love arouses in society. However, she-loving - expresses her love openly and proclaims the greatness of the lover who does not known bounds to his existence, his symbols cannot be unraveled but reading from the eyes recalls the relations with a mysterious knowledge: "*I know your boundaries have no end,/ And that your symbols can't be solved,/ And that to read your eyes is just/ Like reading of the hidden lore.*"³² The third poem brings an outright threat which can arise as a result of an open confession of love. The author alludes, on the basis of feelings drawn from outside, that everybody is against love, willingly would condemn and sentence it. In a spontaneous metaphor is employed even the metaphor of the cross: "*I know the tribe will seek my head,/ And males will brag about my slaughter,/ And women shall dance/ Under my cross.*"³³ The fourth poem of the series is crowned with the word of love which cannot find for itself an appropriate name, expression, all-binding modernization. It must fit itself into the ordinary, general term "*My love*"³⁴

Different in mood is the poem "**A man below zero**"³⁵. It contains a complementary image of the love situation as of a critical reflection and area of revolt and suffering. The poem draws a portrait of the lover compared to the invaders of the Mongol Hulag who raised Baghdad in 1258. Recalled are the features of aggression, melancholy, indifference which does not feel the difference between blood and ink: "*You are a melancholic man/ You are tragic, / And aggressive./ You can see no difference between/ My blood and drops of ink.*"³⁶ Nothing links them, neither affairs of the mind nor heart. She wants to exist as a living phenomenon, he wants stability. The poem finishes with a duel of two types of reflection - reflections of death, concentration of violence, superiority and reflections of an enduring life as well as of a life spent

³⁰ *ibid.*, p.42,

³¹ *ibid.*, p.44-50,

³² *ibid.*, p.46,

³³ *ibid.*, p.48,

³⁴ *ibid.*, p.50,

³⁵ *ibid.*, p.52-58,

³⁶ *ibid.*, p.52,

in partnership. Further the poem continues its accusation as to the imperial aspirations of the lover hated by her so that nothing will persuade her to love. She writes: *"Your lips are like the thorns,/ And your bed is like the grave."*³⁷ In the last poem the mystery of the man below zero is made clear because we know the power of contrast that the cold sensation controls him when she is in a state of ferment: *"I am in a state of boiling,/ And you're a man below zero."*³⁸

In the short poem entitled **"The Abyss"**³⁹ the author writes about the abyss that arises out of the fact that he is an experienced expert in love while she is its lifelong amateur.

"Diary of a Cat"⁴⁰ is a poem in honour of love and benediction which pours on every part of daily life.

In the series **"What is left of you"**⁴¹ the pivot of the poem is the author's credo - of a woman in love before her loved one in which she manifests her tolerance, knowledge of his habits and willingness to respect his freedom. Unique is the confession in the presence of the partner that she cannot teach him anything about love because he is a prophet of love: *"I do not think of teaching you the art of love:/ Of love you are a prophet."*⁴² The whole series has a similar formal construction, they all begin with the words: "I do not think..." and end with an emphasis which arouses trust: "Then what is left of you?"

In the poem **"In reading in Memory of Trees"**⁴³ poetical reflection leads to a comment on the subject of nature. The poet looks at an autumn forest, admires it, but at the same time a reflection disturbs here and asks: *"Does the forest know the sadness?/ Does the forest sense the pain?/ Do the trees their past recall?"*⁴⁴ These questions obviously remain unanswered.

In the poem **"Women Time"**⁴⁵ the author expresses the full dimension of her love: *"All the clocks in the world/ Strike at the same time/ When it's time*

³⁷ *ibid.*, p.56,
³⁸ *ibid.*, p.58,
³⁹ *ibid.*, p.60,
⁴⁰ *ibid.*, p.62,
⁴¹ *ibid.*, p.64-68,
⁴² *ibid.*, p.66,
⁴³ *ibid.*, p.70,
⁴⁴ *ibid.*, p.70,
⁴⁵ *ibid.*, p.84,

*for my rendezvous with you."*⁴⁶ There is neither feeling winter nor summer thirst. Everything, however, ceases when the lover leaves home.

In the short poem **"Democracy"**⁴⁷ included is one of the most often accusations in relation to the way of life which is accepted almost without reservation: *"Democracy is when the woman/ Speaks out her mind on love, / And no one kills her."*⁴⁸ The irony of this words for a long time sink into the mind although the oratory of the verse is synthetic.

In the poem **"Chemistry"**⁴⁹ the aspect of love of previous confessions - *"If I cannot shout 'I love you', / Then what use is my mouth?"*⁵⁰ - changes itself into the confronting of the whole human situation, with its biology, chemistry and conditionings: revolt and insubordination. The author suggests that the whole of her situation is a field of choice though she feels its positive and negative borders of influence. *"If you should decide one day, / To hate me, / Shoot me with a silencer / To smother pain."*⁵¹

Extremely interesting is the poem entitled **"Motherhood"**⁵² Love is the creator of all things which relate to the subject of the affection. Even motherhood is within the circle of the influence of love, equaling to it. Equal is also the circle of art - love is primary and equal even in the face of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The poem ends with an appeal for the realization via a partner of the power of universal love.

In the shortest two-line poem **"Identity"**⁵³ the woman-master comes to speak who turns round the weakness of her social situation into the deceitful but decisive strength of a sense of humour, comedy and courage: *"People know me through you:/ You are my private perfume."*⁵⁴

In the poem **"The dearest pearl"**⁵⁵ we see that love speaks not only in all the languages but also in all the images from the expanse of the whole of life. Here - the simple image of the finding of a pearl serves to present price-

⁴⁶ *ibid.*, p.84,
⁴⁷ *ibid.*, p.96,
⁴⁸ *ibid.*, p.96,
⁴⁹ *ibid.*, p.114,
⁵⁰ *ibid.*, p.106,
⁵¹ *ibid.*, p.102,
⁵² *ibid.*, p.120,
⁵³ *ibid.*, p.130,
⁵⁴ *ibid.*, p.130,
⁵⁵ *ibid.*, p.140,

less love caught from the an unknown loving person - the most priceless pearl in the world.

Love for its expression is served equally by the most minute of details from daily life. In the poem "**Stroke of Love**"⁵⁶. Even thousands of woolen sweaters or hats do not protect the heart touched by love.

The poem "**Autonomous Rule**"⁵⁷ returns to the theme of the predatory role of man. Woman is identified here with the whole world, with its immense richness and natural treasures. Man yearns to possess all in opposition to woman: "*You are like the old colonist,/ Laying your hand on my mines,/ My corn, fruits, metals, and natural resources*".⁵⁸

In the poem "**Political Oppression**"⁵⁹ woman with the lips of the author formulates the view that political and economic oppression together with the possession of identity are in a strict resemblance and equally threatening.

The poem "**O, Most Beautiful Colonialist**"⁶⁰ plunges us again into a female mood. The loving woman though once so devoted to the real fight against colonialism admits that since she has known the man - the object of love everything has become less important, and the love possessor became exceptionally sweet and longed for: "*Since I knew you, I forgot my rights*".⁶¹

In several poems for example "**Return to the cell**"⁶² revealed the immense joy of an Arab woman traveling round Europe - free, romanticized and creative. As the approach to home draws near we observe an extinguishing of her independence for she becomes one of many anonymous women.

Startling is the poem "**Ingratitude**"⁶³ in which is revealed the cruel irrationality of the male attitude when from humble loving children grow at the age of maturity men hurling women with accusations. "*When he becomes a man,/ He sits in one of the elite cafes,/ Putting one leg across another,/ And holds a press-conference to say/ That the woman has half mind,/ And half a religion*".⁶⁴ The end of the poem is ironic for, to the senseless remarks of men, no one accompanies except for flies and waiters.

⁵⁶ *ibid.*, p.142,

⁵⁷ *ibid.*, p.176,

⁵⁸ *ibid.*, p.176,

⁵⁹ *ibid.*, p.180,

⁶⁰ *ibid.*, p.192,

⁶¹ *ibid.*, p.192,

⁶² *ibid.*, p.200,

⁶³ *ibid.*, p.212,

⁶⁴ *ibid.*, p.212,

The love presented in the poems has a repeated transcendental expression, for example in the poem "**Love on a Universal Level**"⁶⁵ shows a woman who loves and crosses the border of individual love undertaking a love relation with the whole universe.

Though all the poems from the collection "**In the Beginning was the Female**" are of love their consequence is extremely varied. They change with all the hues of attitudes and moods. Man is one time hated then again adored as in poem "**King**"⁶⁶, in which all of nature and civilization exhaust themselves running to announce the coronation of the king of the heart. The author "**Dotting the i's**"⁶⁷ represents an attitude of open confession: "*For I do not respect a love which wears masks/ Moves behind the scenes and lives in a ghetto*".⁶⁸ The author and her alter ego are not hampered by any barrier or narrow-minded norm. Love is for her so great that it can be seen in bad and in good and through every medium of the world. There is not even a particle of hypocrisy in it. From the beginning to the end it is itself. Weak, craving caresses, dependent, subservient, but equally rebellious, accusing, angry and independent. In the poem "**Teacher**"⁶⁹ she writes: "*In my eyes race the steeds of liberty*".⁷⁰ In outbursts she proceeds to a declaration belonging to pagan deities as in the poem "**Arabian Dracula**"⁷¹: "*O, my lord!/ O, King of love and liberator of women!*"⁷², but she brings herself also to a sober evaluation touched in the series "**To an Arabian Robot in Love**"⁷³ the problem of heirloom through men of traditional attitudes, ideas, predatory tendencies and polygamy: "*Your major problem, my friend,/ Is that you store in your memory/ All the traditional ideas? All the conventional terms/ And all you inherited from your ancestors/ Of possessive tendencies/ Sovereignty/ And polygamy*".⁷⁴ Among the series of things enumerated is also feudalism, an absence of contemporary views, historical narcissism, an absence of identification with emotional life. On the other hand a woman is full of

⁶⁵ *ibid.*, p.214,

⁶⁶ *ibid.*, p. 224,

⁶⁷ *ibid.*, p.228,

⁶⁸ *ibid.*, p.228,

⁶⁹ *ibid.*, p.230,

⁷⁰ *ibid.*, p.230,

⁷¹ *ibid.*, p.232,

⁷² *ibid.*, p.232,

⁷³ *ibid.*, p.252-262,

⁷⁴ *ibid.*, p.252,

versatility, rich and lively feelings, fulfilled existentially in love, carried by love to a poetical paradise in which everything is found appropriately in the expression of sound.

DARIUSZ ROZMUS
JERZY ROŚ

**TUAREG-SAMMLUNG IM AFRIKANISTISCHEN MUSEUM
NAMENS DR. BOGDAN SZCZYGIELS IN OLKUSZ**

Das Thema des kurzen Berichtes ist die Sammlung von Gegenständen, die mit der materiellen Kultur von Tuaregen verbunden sind. Die Sammlung befindet sich in einem kleinen Museum in Olkusz. Sie ist v.a. dank Bemühungen von Dr. Bogdan Szczygiel aus Olkusz, Medizin-Arzt (Spezialisierung-Radiologie) entstanden, der viele Jahre hindurch Exponate aus Nordwestafrika gesammelt hat. Die Namen von Gegenständen der materiellen Tuareg-Kultur wurden aufgrund der Aufzeichnung in der Publikation von Gerhard Goetler (*G. Goetler, Die Tuareg - Kulturelle Einheit und regionale Vielfalt eines Hirtenvolkes*, Köln, DuMont 1989) oder aufgrund der Aufzeichnungen in Katalogkarten im Museum gegeben.

Dr Bogdan Szczygiel (1928-1986) war zum erstenmal in Afrika im Jahre 1964; er wurde damals zum Chef der internationalen Medizingruppe in Tlemcen in Algerien. Seit 1966 war er 11 Jahre lang Leiter der Radiologie-sektion im Krankenhaus in Niamey, in der Hauptstadt von Niger. Er war auch Lehrbeauftragte von der ärztlichen Fakultät an der dortigen Universität und Berater des Präsidenten von Niger für Gesundheitsschutz. Gleichzeitig hat er auch zum eigenen Bedarf Afrikas Geschichte, Kunst und Kultur studiert. Durch seine Berichte und Bücher von populärwissenschaftlichem Charakter hat er viele treue Leser gewonnen. Er hat u.a. Berichte für folgende Zeitschriften geschrieben: „Przekrój“, „Dookoła Świata“, „Zarzewie“, „Tygodnik Kulturalny“. Er ist Autor auch vieler Bücher, wie z.B.: „Tubib unter Nomaden“-1966, „Maske aus Niama-Niama“-1970, „Rubikon schwarzer Madels“-1980, „Afrikas unverschlafener Traum“-1982, die 2. Ausgabe-1985, „Gewirr von afrikanischen Wegen“-1984, „Masken, Gotter, Firmament-1985“, „Afrikanische Berichte“-1986, „Im Dienst bei schwarzen Exzellenz“-1987. Einige Bücher wurden ins Tschechische, Deutsche und Ungarische übersetzt.